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## THE CRADLE.

Sweet couch of Peace! O many a year hath fled,  
 Since on thy pillow I repos'd my head!  
 O many a year of sorrow hath been mine,  
 Since I was swaddled in those bands of thine!  
 And still, 'mid all that Heaven vouchsafes to me,  
 I sigh—in vain—to find a couch like thee.  
 Ah! whatsoever be our fate below,  
 And wheresoe'er our wand'ring footsteps go,  
 Though hope, though joy, though love, though  
 friendship cheer,  
 Still, still there is no rest for mortal here;  
 Still dark his thoughts, and sad his dreams must be—  
 He sighs—in vain—to find a couch like thee.  
 Man only finds—or good, or wise, or brave—  
 Two peaceful beds—the cradle and the grave.

O when on thee I turn my pensive eye,  
 Where infant innocence and beauty lie,  
 Then gaze around upon the busy crowd,  
 The thronging bustle, and the tumult loud—  
 'Tis strange to think that all those restless things,  
 Up from the cottage to the throne of kings,  
 The low-born hind, the peer of noble birth,  
 And all the mighty troublers of the earth—  
 Have once within thy folded vestments lain,  
 Mortals untouched by every mortal stain,  
 Strangers to passion's or ambition's strife,  
 And helpless babes, unconscious of their life!

Say, when the mother in thy downy vest,  
 Swaddles her babe, and watches o'er his rest;  
 Say, will she ponder, 'mid her hopes and fears,  
 O'er all his destiny in future years?  
 But who can, with a prophet's eye, survey  
 His various course on life's unmeasured way?  
 And who can tell, or whether he shall be  
 Or sage or fool—of high or low degree—  
 An honour to his father's honoured name—  
 Or child of penury, of guilt and shame?

What shall she do, while thus her thoughts are  
 driven  
 'Twixt hope and fear?—O she can trust in heaven.

O God! how dreadful is the very thought,  
 That the sweet child on whom we fondly doat,  
 May prove at last, to every duty lost,  
 A grief and shame to those who love him most!  
 Away, ye gloomy thoughts! upon my view  
 A vision comes, more welcome and more true—  
 I see the child that to a parent's knee  
 All helpless clung, like ivy to the tree,  
 Prove unto them that watched his early day,  
 Support and joy when they are old and gray;  
 For he hath known; as all on earth must know,  
 That human life is but a scene of woe—  
 Hath known the comfort of a friendly heart,  
 And loves, himself, that comfort to impart.

Sweet Couch of Peace! how often do I sigh,  
 When in thy folds I see an infant lie,  
 To think that life, to him, perhaps may be  
 The conflict wild that it hath been to me:—  
 Now pondering fondly o'er a favourite scheme,  
 Now mourning o'er it as a baseless dream;  
 Now cheered by hopes, now overcast by fears,  
 Now decked in smiles, and now bedewed in tears;  
 Now hurting those that called for our respect,  
 Now sorrowing o'er a cherished friend's neglect;  
 Now wandering headlong in a devious way,  
 Now kneeling in true penitence to pray;  
 Now cursing life, now happy in my doom,  
 Now shrinking from, now wishing for, the tomb.  
 These I have felt—and while I may remain  
 A pilgrim here, perhaps must feel again;  
 But time will come, when I, like all, shall be  
 Laid on a Couch more peaceful e'en than thee.

W. K.

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER, FOR BELFAST,

From the 1st to the 30th March inclusive.—The Observations are taken each day at two o'clock.

1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.	1825.	Barom.	Therm.	Wind.	Weather.
Mar. 1	29.39	47	S. W.	Showery, r. nt.	Mar. 16	30.37	40	S. E.	Fine.
2	29.24	42	N. W.	Slight showers	17	30.35	41	S.	Drizg., h.w. nt.
3	29.42	41	S. W.	Fine.	18	30.26	46	S.	Ovrcst., h.wds.
4	30.07	46	N. W.	Fine frosty nt.	19	30.60	51	S. W.	Slight rain.
5	30.30	48	S. W.	Very fine.	20	30.77	54	S. W.	Fine.
6	29.65	44	S. W.	Rainy, h.wind.	21	30.67	50	E.	Very fine.
7	29.63	50	S. W.	Very fine.	22	30.49	51	E. by N.	Very fine.
8	29.90	50	S. W.	Rainy.	23	30.38	49	N. E.	Very fine.
9	30.18	47	N. W.	Gloomy.	24	30.09	46	S. E.	Gloomy.
10	30.30	54	N. W.	Fine.	25	29.96	47	S. W.	Fine.
11	30.27	52	N. W.	Very fine.	26	30.25	51	N. W.	Very fine.
12	30.39	51	N. W.	Very fine.	27	30.15	56	Var.	Very fine.
13	30.15	52	W. by N.	Rainy.	28	30.14	60	W.	Very fine.
14	30.16	42	S. E.	Lowering.	29	30.12	57	W. by S.	V. fine, r. at nt.
15	30.34	40	S. E.	Gloomy.	30	30.27	53	E.	Fine, rainy m.
				Barom.					
				Therm.					
				Maximum,					
				30.77					
				Medium,					
				30.16					
				Minimum,					
				29.24					